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Extracts from "Les Grotesques de la Musique," by Hector Berlioz.

## II. PETTY MISERIES OF GRAND CONCERTS.

It is at the annual festival of Baden that these little miseries make themselves cruelly felt. And yet everything is arranged in favor of the *chef d'orchestre* who has to organize the concert; no mean economy is imposed on him, no manner of restriction. M. Bénazet, persuaded that the best course is to leave him to act freely, meddles with nothing . . . except paying. "Do things royally," says he, "I give you *carte blanche*." Exactly so! it is only thus that one can produce anything grand or beautiful in music. You laugh, do you not, and you think of Jean Bart's reply to Louis XIV:

"Jean Bart, I have appointed you chief of a squadron!

—Sire, you have done well!"

Laugh, laugh, as much as you please. Jean Paul was right though. Yes, sire, you have done well, and it were much to be desired that, to command squadrons, none but marines were ever taken. It were much to be desired, too, that, Jean Bart once appointed, Louis XIV. would never come to control his manœuvres, to suggest ideas to him, to trouble him by his fears and play with him the first scene of Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

In spite of such means placed at his disposal, and of this precious liberty of using them at will, it is still a rude task for the *chef d'orchestre* to bring to successful execution such a festival as that of Baden, so numerous are the little obstacles, and the influence of the minutest may be so subversive of the *ensemble* in all enterprises of this nature. The first torment which he has to undergo comes almost always from the singers, and above all from the *cantatrice*, with regard to the arrangement of the programme. Aware beforehand of this difficulty, he takes two months in advance to obviate it:

"What will you sing, Madame?"

—I do not know. . . . I will reflect upon it. . . . I will write you."

A month passes, the *cantatrice* has not reflected and has not written. Fifteen days more are uselessly employed in soliciting from her a decision. Then we set out from Paris; we make a provisional programme in which the title of the piece to be sung by *la diva* is left blank. Finally the designation of this much desired *morceau* arrives. It is an air by Mozart. Well. But the *diva* has not the music of this air, there is not time enough left to have the orchestral parts copied, and she will not, must not sing it with a piano accompaniment. An obliging theatre will lend us the orchestral parts. All is in order; the programme is published. This programme comes to the eyes of the *cantatrice*, who suddenly is frightened at the choice she has made. "The concert is immense," she writes to the conductor; "the various grandiose parts of this rich programme

make my *poor* *morceau* of Mozart appear small enough, meagre enough. Decidedly I will sing another aria, that from *Semiramide*: 'Bel raggio, You will easily find the orchestral parts of this air in Germany, and if you do not find them, please to write to the director of the Théâtre Italien in Paris; he will no doubt make haste to send them.'" On the receipt of this letter, we immediately get new programmes printed, and a strip pasted on the show-bill to announce the scena from *Semiramide*. But we have not been able to find the orchestral parts of the air in Germany, and we have not thought it our duty to beg M. le directeur of the Théâtre Italien in Paris to send across the Rhine the entire opera of *Semiramide*, from which it would not be possible to abstract the aria to be accompanied. The *cantatrice* arrives; we meet at a general rehearsal:

"Eh bien! we have not the music of *Semiramide*; you will be obliged to sing with a piano for accompaniment.

—Ah! *mon Dieu!* but that will be like ice.

—No doubt.

—What is to be done?

—I do not know.

—What if I return to my air from Mozart?

—You will do wisely.

—In that case let us rehearse it.

—With what? We no longer have the music; by your orders, it has been returned to the theatre at Carlsruhe. We must have music for the orchestra, if you wish the orchestra to play. You inspired singers always forget these vulgar details. It is very material, very prosaic, I admit; but so it is."

At the following rehearsal, the orchestral parts of Mozart's opera have been brought; all is arranged anew. The programmes are re-made, the show-bill re-corrected. The conductor announces to the musicians that they are about to rehearse the air of Mozart; all are ready. The *cantatrice* then advances and says with that irresistible grace of hers:

"I have an idea, I will sing the air from the *Domino noir*.

—Oh! ah! ha! ha! psch! krrrr! . . . Monsieur le Kapellmeister, have you in your theatre the opera which Madame mentions?

—No, monsieur.

—Eh bien, what then?

—Then I must resign myself to the air by Mozart?

—Resign yourself, believe me."

At length we commence; the *cantatrice* has resigned herself to the *chef d'œuvre*. She covers it with embroidery, as one might have foreseen. The *chef d'orchestre* hears resounding within him stronger than before, that eloquent exclamation, Krrrr! and, inclining towards the *diva*, he says to her in his sweetest voice and with a smile that seems to have nothing of constraint:

"If you sing this *morceau* so, you will have enemies in the hall, I warn you.

—Do you believe so?

—I am sure of it.

—Oh! *mon Dieu!* but . . . pray advise me . . . it is perhaps necessary to sing Mozart simply, just as he is. True, we are in Germany; I did not think of that. . . . I am ready for anything, Monsieur.

—Yes, yes, courage; risk this *coup de tête*; sing Mozart simply. There were in those times airs, you see, designed to be embroidered, embellished by the singers; but those were generally written by the valets of the *cantatrice*, and Mozart is a master: he even passes for a great master, one not wanting in taste."

The air is recommenced. The *cantatrice*, determined to drain the cup to the dregs, sings this miracle of expression, of sentiment, of passion, of beautiful style, simply; she changes nothing in it but two measures, for the honor of the *corps*. Scarcely has she finished when five or six persons, who arrived in the hall at the moment when the piece was recommenced, advance toward the singer, full of enthusiasm, and exclaim: "Madame, a thousand compliments; how purely and simply you do sing indeed! That is the way in which the masters ought to be interpreted; it is delicious, admirable! Ah! you comprehend Mozart!"

*Chef d'orchestre* aside: "Krrrr!!"

## III. CAN'T DANCE IN MI.

A dancer who, in Italy, had risen to the very clouds, came to make his *début* in Paris. He demands the introduction, in the ballet in which he is to appear, of a *pas* which was worth avalanches of flowers to him at Milan and at Naples. They comply. The general rehearsal comes; but this dance tune, for one reason or another, had been copied a tone higher than in the original score.

They commence; the dancer bounds up to the sky, pitches about an instant, then, redescending to the earth: "In what key are you playing, gentlemen?" says he, suspending for a while his flight. "It seems to me that my *morceau* fatigues me more than usual.

—We are playing in *mi*.

—My astonishment is gone. Please to transpose this Allegro and make it one tone lower; I can only dance it in *re*."

## IV. A KISS FROM ROSSINI.

An amateur violoncellist had the honor of playing before Rossini.

"The great maestro," said our man, some ten years after, 'was so enchanted with my playing, that, interrupting me in the middle of a *cantabile*, he gave me a kiss upon the forehead. From that time, in order to preserve the illustrious imprint, I have never washed the spot."

## V. A MODEL CRITICISM.

One of our *confrères* of the *feuilleton* made it a principle that a critic, who would jealously preserve his impartiality, should never see the pieces which it is his business to criticize, in order, said he, to withdraw himself from the influence of the

actors. This influence in fact exerts itself in three ways: first, in making a flat and ugly thing appear beautiful, or at least agreeable; then in producing the contrary impression, that is to say, in so destroying the physiognomy of a work as to render it repulsive, when it is noble and graceful in reality; and finally in letting us see nothing of the ensemble nor the details of the work, in effacing all, in rendering the whole incomprehensible or unintelligible. But what gave much originality to the doctrine of our *confrère*, was that he did not read the works of which he had to speak; in the first place because in general new pieces are not printed, and still more because he wished to escape the influence of the good or bad style of the author. This perfect incorruptibility obliged him to compose incredible accounts of pieces which he had neither seen nor read, or caused him to emit very piquant opinions about music which he had not heard.

I have frequently regretted that I had not the courage to put so fine a theory in practice; for the disdainful reader who, after a glance at the first lines of a feuilleton, lets the journal fall and thinks of something else, cannot imagine the pain which one experiences in listening to so great a number of new operas, and the pleasure it would be to the writer who has to give an account of them to be let off from witnessing them. Moreover there would be a chance for him, in criticizing what he does not know, to be original; he even might without misgiving, and consequently without partiality, be useful to authors in producing some invention capable of inspiring readers with a desire of seeing the new work. Whereas in using, as one generally does, the old method, in hearing, in studying to his best ability the pieces brought out for the entertainment of the public, one is forced to say always very nearly the same thing, since in fact it is always very nearly the same thing with which he has to do. And thus one does, unwittingly, a considerable wrong to a great number of new works; for what will induce the public to go and see them, after they have once been told really and clearly what they are!

### The Last of Vauxhall.

On the 7th of June, 1732, Vauxhall Gardens were opened with a *ridotto al fresco*. The ceremonial was honored by the presence of Frederick Prince of Wales, and the distinguished company were masked and wore dominoes and lawyers' gowns. The admission fee was fixed at one guinea, and 400 persons assembled in the gardens. Order was kept by 100 Foot Guards, who were posted round the grounds and gave an imposing air to the scene. On the 25th of July, 1859, Vauxhall Gardens were closed for ever, with an *al fresco fête*. Albert Edward Prince of Wales was not present, and the company assembled wore the costumes of every-day life. The admission fee was on a humble scale, being fixed at 1s., and 15,000 persons assembled in the gardens. A rather successful attempt to keep order was made by numerous police-men posted in various parts of the grounds, and if their presence did not add to the brilliancy of the scene, it at least imparted a feeling of security to the more decently behaved amongst the spectators. The alpha and the omega of Vauxhall may be likened to France just before and during the first revolution. Its opening was marked by royal dignity; exclusiveness was its characteristic; there was no vulgar herd admitted, and the Foot Guards formed, as it were, a barrier which kept off the crowd from the aristocratic few who walked through the grounds, danced stately minuets, and listened to the music provided for their delectation. The close, on the other hand, was as if royalty had been upset by a fierce revolutionary mob; the people swarmed the grounds, jostling and elbowing their way, dancing in the maddest manner, shouting at the tops of their voices, revelling in strong

drinks, defying the authorities, and creating a saturnalia of the veritable mobocracy type.

Vauxhall was the one existing link amongst the places of amusement in the metropolis which connected the 19th century with the 17th and 18th, for, although the gardens proper opened in 1732, they had been in existence since about 1660, and the garrulous Pepys and the dignified Evelyn alike wrote of the sights and sounds to be seen and heard at the New Spring Gardens at Lambeth. But in 1732 they really commenced their reign of splendor, and from that year until 1840 they were opened every summer, without a single intermission. During that period Vauxhall experienced its rise and its fall. For years it was the resort of fashion; poets sang its praises, dramatists laid the scenes of their plays within its precincts. Goldsmith, Steele, and Addison described its attractions; Johnson praised it; Miss Burney, in her two popular novels, "Evelina" and "Cecilia," took her characters to Vauxhall; and Mr. Harrell, in the latter, is made to shoot himself there. Hogarth and Hayman adorned the alcoves and pavilions with their paintings. Handel, Arne, Boyce, and Carter composed for it. The first statue that Roubilliac ever chiselled was set up in the gardens; and Handel's celebrated "Firework Music," composed to celebrate the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was rehearsed in the grounds and attracted 12,000 persons. In 1798 fireworks were established as an institution at Vauxhall, and four years after the first balloon ascent took place. For a long time Vauxhall proudly held up its head. Stately coaches-and-six, with their insolent lacqueys, drew up at its doors; the water stairs were besieged by boats; the walks were gay with beaux and belles, and lovers sighed in the sentimental shades of the Italian Walk. My Lord and Sir Harry quarrelled over their cups at the supper table, and drew their swords, friends interfered, high words ensued, weapons flashed in the air, and a general *mêlée* commenced which needed the guards to quell it. Veritably Vauxhall may have opened decorously, but its career was often a troublous one. The royal property outlived its rivals; Ranelagh succumbed, Bagnigge Wells disappeared, the Folly was broken up, and at last Vauxhall outlived itself! Taste changed, and the fashionable world deserted the place; the prices were lowered. Handel gave way to comic songs, rope-dancers were introduced, and intrepid horse-riders took possession of the ball-room; but no attempt was made to render the gardens more picturesque. The tempo Strawberry-hill Gothic orchestra was still filled with musicians in cocked hats, which, when worn with modern costumes, were simply pieces of unmeaning absurdity. The Italian Walk still remained, dimly lit with glow-worm lamps; the old cracked plaster figures and groups were still there; the uncomfortable ugly boxes lined the walks; the immortal Simpson rose, had his day, and left as a legacy the recollection of his smirking politeness. The refreshments, too, were the same: there was the stereotyped chicken, the thinly-sliced ham, the bad champagne, and, above all, the terrible punch, all charged for at exorbitant prices, and all more or less indigestible and unsatisfactory. The gag of "ten thousand additional lamps" was freely resorted to in order to ward off the impending decay, but to no purpose. Once only within the past 20 years did Vauxhall hold up its head, and that was when Grisi and the opera company were engaged there; but this was a mere spasmodic flicker, and about that period the fatal step was taken that hastened its downfall—Vauxhall was opened by daylight, and the firework ground was converted into a hippodrome. This destroyed the enchantment; the public saw the gardens in all their naked deformity; their damp mouldiness was at once apparent, their decay, their battered condition, were plainly perceptible, in spite of paint and whitewash. The sharp pen of Charles Dickens at once seized upon the wretched place, and Vauxhall by Daylight is crucified in one of the sketches by Boz. In 1840 the gardens were closed, and in the following year they were offered for sale, but found no purchaser. From that period until the present time they have led a miserable existence, sometimes opened, but oftener closed. Lion-tamers, the "veteran aéronaut," Green, tight-rope dancers, ballet-girls, horse-riders, comic vocalists, have at times been in the ascendant. Speculators without money and speculators with money have in turn assumed the direction of the royal property, but they have met with no success. Blind to the fact that Vauxhall had had its day, they endeavored to force the poor old place upon the notice of the public. The presence of a few of a certain class kept respectable persons away, while the superior management and attractions of Cremorne kept away the bulk of that class itself. Of late the working orders resorted to the place, and beer on draught was dispensed from beneath the famed Gothic orchestra. When the saying arose

that it was sure to rain because Vauxhall was open, we know not; but certain it is that last year a good use was made of it by the manager, who advertised the gardens by means of men carrying umbrellas, on which was inscribed, "Vauxhall, open wet or dry." Last year the gardens were opened for some three months, but this season its career only ran to seven nights, the last of which was witnessed by Monday week last, and it is to be hoped that the pathetic words, "Farewell for ever!" which were exhibited amongst the illuminations and in fireworks, may be verified. It is high time that Vauxhall bid adieu to a public, which has long since taken its farewell of the royal property.

From whatever cause (says *The Standard*) the public were drawn together, it is certain that 15,000 persons crowded the gardens on Monday, the 25th ult., and the bills put forth the attractions of extra illuminations, extra concerts, extra horsemanship, and extra fireworks, all of which promises were faithfully kept. The last dancing was also highly appreciated, as the public not only danced on the platform, but indiscriminately over the grounds, and often entirely out of sound of the music. It is, however, to be doubted, whether the announcement of the last suppers and the last punch were looked upon as attractions, or whether the public were not extremely glad to have so suspicious a temptation (!) put out of their way. The director, Mr. G. Stevens, determined to outdo all who had gone before him, quadrupled the usual number of extra lamps, and put up 40,000 additional, a fact which it is impossible to dispute, as the gardens were much better lighted than usual, and the smell of oil was certainly 40,000 times stronger than on ordinary occasions. The fireworks were especially well received, and the audience indulged for the last time in the ejaculation of a superabundant number of genuine Vauxhall "oh's" and "ah's." The crowd assembled included many of the "people," and a tolerably strong sprinkling of those young "gentlemen," who consider it the greatest fun in the world to yell, shout, and walk six abreast, knocking up against any one that happens to come in their way. Up to the time of the last dance everything was tolerably orderly. It is true that an occasional fight, got up by the "gentlemen" alluded to, did take place, tumblers were also once or twice playfully launched at the heads of friends, and one or two pickpockets were ejected, but on the whole the crowd was quiet and well-behaved. At last came the *finale galop*, madly played and wildly danced; then there was a pause, the band rose from their seats, and amidst hisses of disappointment at the dancing being over, and cheers and laughter, the National Anthem was played. "Rule Britannia" followed; then "God save the Queen" again, and then rose the most tremendous cheers, amidst which the conductor bowed himself from the orchestra. But the band at the other end of the platform would not give in, but continued to pour forth a volume of sounds. Finding that such was the case, the conductor returned to the orchestra, and set to work again with the National Anthem, the audience roaring out the words and indulging in yells and cat-calls. At length the two bands came to an understanding, and amidst more cheering they brought their "labour of love" to an end. No sooner had the band finished than a rush was made to one of the trees on the platform, and the British public broke off twigs as souvenirs of Vauxhall, but with the small branches lamps were also pulled down. At first by ones and twos, and then by dozens, oil and glass fell on the platform amidst the yells and cheers of the audience, until at length the police interfered and were received with loud hisses. A row ensued, and was assisted by the persons standing on the tables in the supper rooms throwing a few empty bottles on to the platform. The constituted authorities, however, at length got the best of it, and the crowd, finding nothing better to do, indulged in a monster game of kiss-in-the-ring, which was carried on for some time with great spirit. While it was going forward the lamps were gradually expiring, and day was breaking. The old orchestra looked ghastly white in the early morning light; the "Ever" in the illumination "Farewell for ever" had disappeared; baskets filled with empty beer bottles dotted the walk by the refreshment boxes, and were guarded by sleepy waiters; the hats and coats of the audience were covered with dust, muslin dresses were soiled and crumpled, and even the young "gentlemen" seemed tired of hooting and shouting; but some couples still persisted in dancing to their own accompaniments, and the last spectacle that met our eyes as we bade farewell for ever to Vauxhall, was a couple of men with women's bonnets on their heads and parasols in their hands, wildly dancing a polka amidst the hysterical laughter of their "jolly companions."



### The Vision of Vauxhall.

(From Punch.)

Comrades, you may leave me sitting in the mouldy arbor here,  
With the chicken-bones before me and the empty punch-bowl  
near.

"Rack" they called the Punch that in it fiercely fumed, and  
freely flowed;  
By the pains that rack my temples, sure the name was well  
bestowed.

Leave me, comrades, to my musings, 'mid the mildewed timber  
damps,  
While from sooty branches round me splutter out the stinking  
lamps.

While through rent and rotten canvas sighs the bone-mill laden  
breeze:  
And the drip-damp statues glimmer through the gaunt and  
ghastly trees.

And the seedy stucco crumbles from the orchestra hard by;  
And the fire-work frames like gibbets rear their arms athwart  
the sky.

And the monster platform stretches blank and bare beneath the  
moon:  
And the night-wind through the boxes wanders with an eerie  
croon.

Let me sit and sadly ponder o'er the glories of Vauxhall:  
Sink this mouldy mildewed Present; from its grave the Past  
recoil.

Is't the Punch that stirs my fancy—or the gooseberry Cham-  
pagne,  
Sets phantasmal shapes career through the chambers of my  
brain?

Dimly, as through clouds a-steaming from a thousand fragrant  
bowls,  
Periwigged, pulvilo-scented, Charles the Second's revel rolls.

In gay doublet, trimmed and brodered, ribboned shoulder,  
ribboned knee,  
Brouncker rants, and Newport roysters, while Sam Pepys  
stands by to see—

Sounds the nightingale's sweet twitter from the green trees  
overhead;  
Shrieks below the City Madam with Court gallants sore be-  
stead.

Hark, 'tis pretty Mrs. Mereer, trolling out Tom D'Urfey's song:  
Hark, to Castlemaine's loud laughter—brazen't of the brazen  
throng.

Saucy Jennings with Count Grammont bandying the *mot pour  
rire*;  
Nell Gwynne fondling handsome Sidney, spite of Buckhurst  
frowning near.

Charles himself, his black face hidden in a vizor blacker still,  
Laughing, ogling, and oddfishing, light of wit, and loose of  
will,

See the cheesecake blithely broken, and the syllabubs foam;  
Hark at Thames, alive with boat-loads, for Spring Gardens, or  
for home.

Drugged-aproned drawers bearing Claret and Canary-pottles,  
For wild wits and bona-robos to refresh their thirsty throattles:  
And through all, sly, smug Sam Pepys, with a twinkle in his  
eye,

Taking careful note for entry in his Diary, by-and-by.

Thicker rise the fumes, and faster, but less furious streams  
the rout,  
As Queen Anne's decorous following bows the Merry Monarch's  
out.

See the long, thin-faced Spectator, elbowing his silent way  
For Sir Roger, close behind him, open-mouthed, and eyes  
astray,

Rapt in wonder at the music, and the movement, and the  
sights;  
Elbowed by the vizored Madams, dazzled by the thousand  
lights.

This way swaggers Steel, half tipsy, but still kindly in his  
drink;  
There good-humored little Gay to loose Mat Prior tips the  
wink.

Swift stalks, rolling indignation in his blazing deep blue eye;  
St. John laughs off state blue-devils with Lord Oxford smooth  
and sly.

They have passed and now the Georges usher in a duller race.  
Blank the scene, till sudden lighted by the look of Walpole's  
face.

There he sits—the wizened watcher—cynical and calm and cool,  
Ready to note others' follies, or himself to play the fool.

There the Petersham sits blazing with her rouge and saucy  
stare;  
There the crowd applauds the Gunnings—fairest sister of the  
fair.

Here trots Bozzy all in triumph with the Doctor on his arm;  
While, not less triumphant, Goldy guards the "the Jessamy  
bride" from harm.

Pass, familiar shadows, trooping, to the Land of Long-ago;  
Let the Regency's hot orgies set more brimming bowls aflow.

Room for rampant Colonel Hanger! Bloods and Bucks of  
Carlton House,

Box the watch, and smash the tables, shiver glass, and wax-  
lights douse

Room for Prince Hal *redicivus*—petticoats and pimps and all—  
Down before that wig so curly and that coat so creaseless, fall!

Room for Almack's maccaronis—room for Brooks's playmen  
true,  
March and Selwyn, Fox and Carlyle,—set the punch-bowls  
blazing blue!

Masquerade and gay Ridotto blend the cream and scum of  
town;  
Statesman's toils, and senate's glories, with Soho's endearments  
crown.

While o'erhead the ghost of Simpson lifts the ceremonial hat,  
In deportment but inferior unto George the Great (by fat).

With such phantoms for evoking, shall I summon sorrier  
shades?  
Ghosts of gentish generations,—stray of shops and waif of  
trades?

Shadows of cheap shilling gallas, flickerings of a dying flame;  
Straws by desperate speculation clutched at, in its drowning  
game?

No—amid these wretched ruins, trees all black and walks all  
green—  
Be the ghosts of my evoking such as graced the ancient scene.

Be they ghosts girt with a glory, somewhat sulphurous though  
it be;  
Ghosts of the Vauxhall that hath been—not of the Vauxhall  
we see.

### Cost of Eliza Cook's "Old Arm Chair."

Many of our readers are aware, no doubt, that there is a song called "The Old Arm Chair," written by a middle-aged young verse-spinner, called Eliza Cook. Several years ago Miss Cook was a celebrity in England. She wrote several lyrics which are popular to this day—partly owing to their simple beauty, earnestness and natural expression; partly owing to the "immortal music" to which they were wedded by Henry Russell, a gentleman who supplied the music to Mr. G. P. Morris's "Woodman, spare that tree," and thus gave it popularity.

Miss Cook, as we have said, was a celebrity. Many of her ballads have been sung wherever the English language is known; but they are not often heard now, for there is a fashion in songs, as there is in other things. The best proof of the oblivion into which Eliza Cook has fallen is that, desiring to refresh our memory about her, we successively looked into the "Men of the Time," (which has a supplement of eminent living women,) and did not find her there; into Knight's Cyclopædia, with like result; into Vapereau's Dictionnaire des Contemporaines, with equal ill-success. In Appleton's New American Cyclopædia is a brief notice. In Alibone's Dictionary of English Literature, however, we found the particulars which we required. Whoever else may be incorrect or careless, Alibone never is.

One of the ballads by which Miss Cook is best known, is "The Old Arm Chair," the sale of which has brought heaps of money to its publisher. We have heard that nearly half a million copies of this song, each at half a dollar, (the cost being about three cents,) have been disposed of. The following is a copy of the assignment of this lyric to its publisher:

"Received, May 14, 1841, of Mr. Charles Jeffreys, the sum of two pounds two shillings for copyright of words of a song written by me, entitled 'The Old Arm Chair,' music by Mr. Hine. ELIZA COOK."

There is a low-priced publication in London called the *Musical Bouquet*, the proprietors of which transferred to it, without leave asked or obtained from Mr. Jeffreys, the words and music of "The Old Arm Chair." Numerous copies of this publication were sold, each for six cents, by a Scottish bookseller named Kyle. Against him did Mr. Jeffreys commence a lawsuit in the Court of Sessions in Scotland, the object being to prevent any future sale of pirated copies of the song. In the words of the application, "to restrain the appellant (Kyle) from printing and selling, or having in his possession for sale or hire, without the consent of the respondent, the words of the song or poem known by the name of 'The Old Arm Chair,' alleged to have been unlawfully printed, without the consent of the respondent, the proprietor of the copyright, in No. 382 of the *Musical Bouquet*." Mr. Jeffreys rested his title on two documents:

Miss Cook's receipt, as above, and the copy of the certificate of registration of ownership entered at Stationers' Hall, in conformity with the 5th and 6th of Victoria, cap. 45. It is declared by that statute, which contains very stringent provisions for the accuracy of the register, that such certified copies "shall be *prima facie* evidence of the proprietorship or assignment of copyright." He also called Mr. George Henry Davidson, music publisher in London, whose evidence was to the effect that Miss Cook had refused to deal with him in reference to "The Old Arm Chair," on the ground that she had assigned it to Mr. Jeffreys. Mr. Davidson subsequently obtained, for £10, the right to print and publish the song from Mr. Jeffreys. Miss Cook, on being told of the transaction, agreed at Mr. Davidson's request, to sit to Mr. Cruikshank for her portrait, to be prefixed to the proposed cheap edition.

On the other hand, Mr. Kyle contended that Mr. Jeffreys had shown no title to the song except the receipt of Miss E. Cook, which he submitted was not sufficient to transfer a copyright, and that Mr. Jeffreys, not having a sufficient title to the song, had no right to register it as his at Stationers' Hall.

This case, which has passed through various Courts of Law in Scotland, was finally decided, by the Court of Session in Edinburgh, in favor of Mr. Jeffreys. Against this decision Mr. Kyle appealed to the House of Lords, (which, as an ultimate Court of Appeal, is the most powerful tribunal in Great Britain,) and after hearing the argument the Law-Lords dismissed the appeal with costs. This judgment was given on June 27th, on which day Lord Campbell first took his seat on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor, and indeed, this "Old Arm Chair" case will be memorable not only on its own merits, but as literally being the first heard by Lord Campbell in his new capacity.

"With costs"—two very small words, with very great signification. What may have been the amount of costs, incurred by both parties, during this battle in the law-courts? About \$10,000, all of which Mr. Kyle must disburse. Franklin spoke of paying dearly for his whistle. But here is a man who pays yet more dearly for his song. From this time forth, in all probability, Mr. Kyle will not allow such an article of furniture as an "arm-chair," new or "old," within the four walls of his house. Indeed, when he puts his spectacles on to examine the items of the bill of costs, for which he has to pay about \$10,000, we should not wonder if he sit—on the stool of repentance.—*Philadelphia Press*, August 13.

### Songs of the Blacks.

The only musical population of this country are the negroes of the South. Here at the North we have teachers in great number, who try to graft the love of music upon the tastes of our colder race. But their success is only limited. A few good singers are produced, and some fine instrumental performers; but the thing never becomes general. Music may, perchance, be the fashion for a winter; but it does not grow to a popular enthusiasm. It never becomes a habit or a passion of the people. We are still dependent on foreigners for our music. Italian singers fill our concert-rooms, and German bands parade our streets.

Throughout the country, the same holds true. Singing-masters itinerate from village to village, to give instructions in the tune of art; but the most they can muster is a score or two of men and maidens to sing in church on Sunday. Brother Jonathan is awkward at the business, and sings only on set occasions. Let him be enrolled in the ranks of the choir, and placed in the front of the gallery, and he will stand up like a grenadier, and roll out lustily the strains of a psalm. But all his singing is done in public. He makes little music at home, or at most only on the Sabbath day. During the week his melodies are unheard. He does not go to his labor singing to himself along the road. No song of home or country, of love or war, escapes his lips, as he goes to his shop or follows the plough. Our mechanics work in silence, like convicts in a penitentiary. They go to their tasks, not with a free and joyous spirit that bursts into song, but with a stern, resolute, determined air, as if they had a battle to fight, or great difficulties to overcome.

Even the gentler sex, who ought to have most of poetry and music, seem strangely indifferent to it. Young ladies who have spent years in learning to play on the piano and sing Italian airs, drop both as soon as they are married. Enter their houses a few months later, and they tell you that they are out of practice; they have forgotten their music, their pianos are unopened, and their harps are unstrung.

Compared with our taciturn race, the African nature is full of poetry and song. The negro is a

natural musician. He will learn to play on an instrument more quickly than a white man. They have magnificent voices, and sing without instruction. They may not know one note from another, yet their ears catch the strains of any floating air, and they repeat it by imitation. The native melody of their voices falls without art into the channel of song. They go singing to their daily labor. The maid sings about the house, and the laborer sings in the field.

Besides their splendid organs of voices, the African nature is full of poetry. Inferior to the white race in reason and intellect, they have more imagination, more lively feelings, and a more expressive manner. In this they resemble the Southern nations of Europe. Their joy and grief are not pent up in the heart, but find instant expression in their eyes and voices. With their imagination, they clothe in rude poetry the incidents of their lowly life, and set them to simple melodies. Thus they sing their humble loves in strains full of tenderness. We at the North hear these songs only as burlesqued by our negro minstrels, with faces blackened with charcoal. Yet even thus all feel that they have a rare sweetness and melody.

Mingled with these love songs are many plaintive airs, which seem to have caught a tone of sadness and pathos from the hardships and frequent separations of their slave life. They are the songs of their captivity, and are sung with a touching effect. No song of a concert-room ever thrilled us like one of these simple African airs, heard afar off, in the stillness of a summer night. Sailing down the Mississippi, the voyager on the deck of the steamer may often hear these strains, wild, sad, and tender, floating from the shore.

But it is in religion that the African pours out his whole voice and soul. A child in intellect, he is a child in faith. All the revelations of the Bible have to him a startling vividness, and he will sing of the Judgment and the Resurrection with a terror or a triumph which cannot be concealed. In religion he finds, also, an element of freedom which he does not find in his hard life; and in these wild bursts of melody he seems to give utterance to that exultant liberty of soul which no chain can bind, and no oppression subdue. As hundreds assemble at a camp-meeting in the woods, and join in the choruses of such a hymn

as

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,"

the unimpassioned hearer is almost lifted from his feet by the volume and majesty of the sound. No voices of well-trained choir in church or cathedral, no pealing organ nor mighty anthem, ever moved us like these voices of a multitude going up to God under the open canopy of heaven. Blessed power of music! that can raise the poor and despised above their care and poverty. It is a beautiful gift of God to this oppressed race, to lighten their sorrows in the house of their bondage.

Might not our countrymen all learn a lesson from these simple children of Africa? We are a silent and reserved people. Foreigners think us taciturn and gloomy. So we are, compared with the European nations. The Germans sing along the banks of the Rhine; the Swiss shepherd sings on the highest passes of the Alps, and the peasant of the Tyrol fills his valleys with strains wild as the peaks and the torrents around him. But Americans, though surrounded with everything to make a people happy, do not show outward signs of uncommon cheerfulness and content. We are an anxious, care-worn race. Our brows are sad and gloomy. Songless and joyless, the laborer goes to his task. This dumb silence is ungrateful in those who have such cause for thankfulness. Americans are the most favored people on earth, and yet they are the least expressive in their joy; so that we almost deserve the severe comment of a foreigner, who, on seeing the great outward prosperity, and yet the anxious look of the people, said that "in America there was less misery, and less happiness, than in any other country on the earth."

Let us not be ashamed to learn the art of happiness from the poor bondmen of the South. If slaves can pour out their hearts in melody, how ought freemen to sing? If that love of music which is inborn in them, could be inbred in us, it would do much to lighten the anxiety and care which brood on every face, and weigh on every heart. The spirit of music would beguile the toilsome hours, and make us cheerful and happy in our labor.

Nor would this light and joyous heart make us too gay, and so lead to folly and frivolity. On the contrary, it would prove a friend to virtue and purity. The sour and morose spirit, when it recoils from its oppressive gloom, is apt to plunge into the worst excesses. The absence of a cheerful buoyancy is one of the causes which drive men into vice and sin. If

every family sang together at early morn, that lingering melody would render their spirits more light and elastic. With his children's voices in his ear, the hard-working man would go more cheerfully to his labor, and those melodies would make his spirit sunny and joyous through the day.

If common domestic joys, home, health, and fire-side love, can thus fill the heart with happiness, and cause it to break forth into singing, surely, when that heart is bounding with immortal hope, it may rise to the highest strains of exultation and ecstasy.

"Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God.  
But children of the Heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad."

Evangelist.

### Words Adapted to a Spanish Melody.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

My lady hath as soft a hand  
As any queen in fairy land;  
And, hidden in her tiny boot,  
As dainty and as light a foot.  
Her foot!  
Her little hand and foot!

II.

No star that kindles in the sky  
Burns brighter than my lady's eye;  
And ne'er before did beauty grace  
So fair a form, so sweet a face!  
Her face!  
Her gentle form and face!

III.

My lady hath a golden heart,  
Free from the dross of worldly art;  
Which, in the sight of heaven above,  
Is mine with all its hoarded love!  
Her love!  
Her boundless wealth of love!

New York Ledger.

### Teasing to Sing.

(From Willis's Musical World.)

No music is worth the teasing for. We have long since ceased to act upon any other rule in social intercourse than this, and we commend the same to our friends generally. We don't know why it is, indeed, that the birds that can sing are always expected, as a matter of course, not to want to sing, on a first asking. And yet we do know—the fact being that they generally want and don't. True, we have one salient exception in our mind of a person, whose eccentric habit, on being asked, is to reply—"Certainly, if you wish it:" but this invariably calls up the blindest possible expression in the face of the petitioner, as though he had not heard rightly, or could not believe his own ears—he was prepared with a whole battery of assailing arguments for the usual excuses, and subterfuges, and evasions, and lo!—the enemy struck without firing a gun!

Now, if singers did but know it, it is a much easier matter in society to sing, than not to sing. Just as the damsel married the teasing youth to get rid of him, we may sing to get rid of our friends. For, of all teasing, the most importunate, the most persistent, the most never-taking-no-for-an-answer is that for music. And then, the utter incredulosity and skepticism of people, as to the sincerity of any excuse! However credible and reliable our word may be under any and all other circumstances of life, under musical circumstances our best friend, our own brothers and sisters will scarcely believe us under oath. You have a bad cold: you sing only for yourself: you are frightened at the people: you never sing without notes—these are all regarded as egregious fictions, and you stand there, virtually, as an ardent fibster!

For this reason, if for no other, sing by all means—and save your character. Astonish your friends by singing at once—disarm them by giving an immediate assent to their wishes. No matter if your cold is such that you croak like a frog; no matter if you literally spoke truth, and cannot sing to please them; no matter if with the third measure they wish you had never commenced—with the eighth they are ready to implore you to stop—with the fourteenth

they grind their teeth in speechless agony:—serves them right: they would have it so.

And then, if you chance to sing well, having sung directly on the asking, fancy what a character you gain as the most amiable, obliging, and kind-hearted creature possible—there being nothing to justify this, perhaps, in any previous intention, or action of your life!

If you sing ill, you still have the credit for, at least, obligingness, and people will be particularly careful how they ever ask you to sing again—having punished themselves sufficiently.

With playing as with singing—the same arguments may apply. Play by all means, if you be asked, and play at once. It is your policy (not to say your duty), if you play well—it is your charming little revenge if you play ill.

But, after all, it is really formidable business for amateur performers to make an exhibition of their private little talents before a promiscuous audience. Particularly is this the case with ladies. People generally make no distinction between singing to two or three indulgent friends in a quiet, sub-rosa kind of way, and singing to a room-full of company. If you sing, you sing. The case seems a plain one. What difference how many listen to you?

It would be a wholesome thing to suggest back, in such a case, that your friend should recite a short poem to the assembled company. Doubtless he knows one or more charming little rhymes. Who has not learnt some little poems in his day? Let him allow you to conduct him to a chair in the middle of the room for this purpose. "Hst! Hst!"—you cry out—"listen to the poem!"

Supposing, however, that it be all right with your ability to sing and to please your friends, the chiefest difficulty with singers is the choice of a song. Here are all sorts of people—sentimental, unsentimental, prosaic, morose perhaps. How are you to hit the taste of each, or even a portion of these? Moreover, a singular difficulty, which we suppose many a musical person has experienced in his day, is to remember his songs when suddenly asked to sing. We have sometimes entirely lost all memory of even very familiar songs, not only for an evening, but sometimes for a year or two. A chance perfume, or some such delicate link of association, has sometimes brought back a song to the mind, which had entirely dropped out of memory, and been ever since lost to us.

Not a bad plan, by the way, for song-singers, would be, to have inscribed in very fine hand, on a card, a list of the songs they sing, and, when asked, quietly to produce the same, with the remark: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the programme,—select for yourself." In this way the responsibility of choice would rest with your friends—not with you.

We have often felt inclined to volunteer a little private advice to amateur singers, and have half a mind to do it now. Perhaps, indeed, we may never have a better opportunity. So—here it is.

*Hint first.* Never sing a single song. Sing several, and of varied styles. Let people have enough of you—if they will have you at all. With the first song you rarely do yourself justice. At the close of it you are just gaining your self-possession, and getting your voice. Sing several well-contrasted songs, to suit all tastes—the merry songs last.

*Hint second.* Never sing till your host or hostess have secured silence, and gained the ear of people for you. The usual manner of poking you at a piano, with the expectation that you will sing, or play down the noise, is a great imposition, and rude and unkind. Let your friend first gain silence by clapping the hands together (or by the European sibilant *Hu!*) and then keep it, by looking astonished, or savage, at any one who ventures to break it. Tom Moore used to leave the piano forthwith, the moment a person said a word. Why should Art be interrupted any more than talk? If you are addressing people, you naturally expect them to listen to you.

*Hint third.* Never sing up against a wall. A piano should not stand in the way. If it cannot be moved out, do not sing at all. How would an orator feel with his audience behind him. True, the poet Percival, that shy man of genius, used to instruct young ladies somewhat in this fashion (they sitting with their backs to him)—but this was an idiosyncrasy of his.

*Hint fourth.* Have the candles removed from the piano. The glare is embarrassing and the people have you at an unfair advantage with the light all on your face. If additional light be necessary when singing from the notes, let some gallant and favored youth hold a candle behind you. Light shed from above being, withal, becoming to fair features!

*Hint fifth.* If possible, have some good friend at hand, to engage you in conversation when you have finished your performance. The close of a piece is a



# Morning.

19

*Tutti. p*

As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing face.

*Tutti. p*

As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing face.

*Tutti. p*

As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing face. Joy to us,

*Tutti. p*

As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing face. Joy to us,

Joy to us! She look-eth down up-on us! Come

Joy to us! She look-eth down up-on us! Come

Joy to us! She look-eth, she look-eth down up-on us! Come

Joy to us! She look-eth, she look-eth down up-on us!

## Morning.

ff

forth! come forth! come forth! ye broth - ers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u -

forth! come forth! come forth! ye broth - ers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u -

forth! come forth! come forth! ye broth - ers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u -

Come forth! come forth! come forth! ye broth - ers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u -

Cresc.

f

nite in joy - ous morn - ing song.

nite in joy - ous morn - ing song.

nite in joy - ous morn - ing song.

nite in joy - ous morn - ing song.

f Cres. f

Sempre Più Piano.

pp

ppp

# Morning.

21

**SOLO.**

With her we feel a Father's rich-est bless-ing, feel a

**SOLO.**

feel a

**SOLO.**

With her we

**SOLO.**

feel a

Fa-ther's rich-est bless-ing, As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing

Fa-ther's rich-est bless-ing, As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing

feel a Father's rich-est bless-ing, As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing

Fa-ther's rich-est bless-ing, As warm as morn-ing's glow-ing

## Morning.

*Sempre Più Presto.*

face, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing face,

face, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing face,

*Sempre Più Presto.* *Tutti.* *p*

face, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing face, as

*Tutti.* *p*

face, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing face, as warm, as

*Sempre Più Presto.* *p* *Cres.*

*Tutti.* *SOLO.* *Coro.* *p*

as morn - ing's glow - ing

as warm ..... as morn - ing's glow - ing

*Tutti.* *Cres.* *f* *p*

as warm, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing

*Cres.* *f* *p*

warm, as warm, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing

*Cres.* *f* *p*

warm, as warm, as warm as morn - ing's glow - ing

*f* *p*



very awkward moment. People always think they must say something, and, even if the music have pleased them, they rarely know what to say! A dead silence, moreover, (which even in the "best-regulated families" will sometimes intervene,) is appalling!

Above all, never ruin the eloquence of your music, the instant you close, by dashing your fingers over the key-board (after the fashion of many) to relieve that short, embarrassed moment with a noise on the piano. There is no silence so eloquent as that which ensues after beautiful music. The "appalling-ness" of this (if there be any) you should stand, if you can. If not, as we have just remarked, let your friend address to you a remark or two.

*Hint sixth.* If you be singing or playing from notes and there be leaves to turn over, turn down every other leaf, only. The intervening leaf will be raised by the turned leaf below it, and the separation be much clearer to the eye and to the touch.

*Hint seventh.* (For gentleman performers only.) Never sit on a piano stool. Always on a chair with a back. There is nothing more ridiculous than a man on a piano stool, with his coat tails hanging down behind.

*Hint eighth.* (For the benefit of embarrassed auditors, who don't know what to say after execrable singing.) Inquire eagerly who composed that song: who wrote the words: who published it: where you can get it: offer the performer a fan—by which time you can lead the same to a chair, and change the subject to the weather.

"HANDEL STUDIES." Having treated our readers, by way of amusement mainly, to copious extracts from a London critic's saucy review of this work, we cannot do less than copy also a sober notice of it from the author's own side of the house, the London *Athenæum*.

*Handel Studies.* By Henry F. Chorley. Parts I. and II. (Apgenser & Co.)—Prefacing these studies by a succinct biographical notice, Mr. Chorley undertakes to treat separately the principal works of Handel. In the two Parts already published, his criticisms are on "The Messiah," "The Dettingen Te Deum," and "Israel in Egypt." Having long been familiar with the productions of Handel's genius—which he compares, from one point of view, with that of Shakespeare—he has interpreted them, analyzed them, thought over, treated them in the philosophical, in the poetical, and in the antiquarian sense; and the notes now put together are designed, he explains, for amateurs. "The Messiah" he points to as a masterpiece of sacred art, a vast religious cartoon, if so we may speak, painted in music, as though parallel with the glories of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Amateurs studying this oratorio, or listening to it, will probably derive instruction and pleasure in following Mr. Chorley as he discusses the overture, the choruses, the recitatives, airs, and bravuras, until he winds off suddenly with "It is no criticism on 'The Messiah' that those who hear it retire exhausted. Impression is not depression." On the "Israel in Egypt" his closing remark is, "I can never return to 'Israel' without a new impression that it is something apart from, above, all other works existing in descriptive choral music, without new emotion as I hear, without new admiration (however impotent to expression) as I write." Studies such as these, no doubt, will aid, not only towards an appreciation of Handel's works in particular, but the progress of general musical taste and science.

#### The New Music Hall in Montreal.

We have already referred to the erection of a new music hall in Montreal by the Messrs. NORDHEIMER, the well-known piano-forte and music-sellers, and its inauguration by M. Strakosch and company. At that time we had seen no mention of the size of the hall; but an elaborate description of it has since appeared in the Montreal *Transcript*, from which we learn as follows:

The hall itself is 80 feet by 75 feet, and 28 feet from floor to ceiling. The platform is 25 feet by 14 feet, with circular front, panelled and heavily moulded, and elevated about 4 feet from the floor. The side walls are divided by pilasters into four compartments of three panels each, the centre one of which is frescoed in rich crimson damask, and surmounted by a medallion portrait of one or the other of the Muses, gracefully set in richly ornamented fresco-frames. The panels on each side of the centre ones are circular headed, tinted in a delicate light green, and surrounded by heavy fresco mouldings. The pilasters are panelled, with raised mouldings and ornamented

centres. They reach from the floor to the under part of the cornice, from which the cove of the ceiling springs. The capitals are fretted and variously ornamented, and the bold projections of the cornice which they support, forms as it were, corbels for the spring of the heavy moulded bands which form the panelled frame-work of the ceiling.

The rear wall, which abuts on Fortification Street, is divided by pilasters into four compartments, each of which contains two handsome circular-headed windows, glazed with stained glass in appropriate musical devices. Each compartment is finished with narrow pilasters, surmounted by a frieze and pedimented cornice, with a lyre on the summit. The principal pilasters are similar in width and design to those on the side walls.

The ceiling is divided into 16 compartments by moulded bands. Each compartment is again divided by fresco work into a handsome centre-piece, with four panels surrounding it. In the centre of the ceiling there is a very tastefully executed stucco ornament representing shells, lyres, and other appropriate symbols. From this is suspended a massive and magnificent gasolier, with two rows of lights, sixteen in all, which have a very fine effect when lighted up. The outer corners of the panels in the central compartments are cut off in small triangular sections, each of which contains a very chastely frescoed head of one of the great musical composers, who are represented as looking down upon the scene below with a pleased and gracious expression. We have thus the heads of Mozart and Beethoven—Mendelssohn and Haydn. Along the walls there are 16 double light brackets, the light from which, blending with that which streams from the gasolier, sustains the uniform brilliancy of the Hall. The Hall is admirably seated, so as to give the spectators at the remotest corners equal facility for seeing the performers with those in the front or centre. It is surrounded on the sides and rear with three rows of ascending seats, each row as it recedes being about six inches higher than the preceding. The seats are moveable, and are all uniform, being oak settees capable each of holding four persons. The backs and cushions are covered with red leather, which adds considerably to the graceful effect of the Hall. It is seated to hold 1170 persons comfortably; and, from its happy construction, the most dulcet tone is distinctly heard at the furthest corner.

The platform is in the centre, between what may be termed the two entrance doors, for they are uniform in design and finish, and are both used for exit. The back of the platform extends within an arched recess through which the performers enter and retire. On each side of the recess there are two pilasters, richly ornamented to correspond with those already referred to. Above these several handsome light iron brackets project, carrying a tastefully designed iron-railed balcony or orchestra, where a Quadrille Band could be very commodiously ensconced if occasion so required. The orchestra is lighted by four upright lights, for the greater facility of reading the music in that elevated region.

It is impossible to suppress the feeling of pleasurable astonishment on entering this magnificent Hall for the first time when it is fully lighted up. The richness and variety of the decorations—the finely proportioned, appropriately designed, and graceful gasolier, suspended from the massive and boldly executed centre ornament; the luxuriance of the frescoed ceiling, so finely diversified by its heavily moulded rectangular bands; the crimson damask panels on the walls, with the florid decorations of the muses in their ornate frames; the delicate light green tinting of the outer panels; the subdued tone of the stained glass windows in the rear, with the chaste gilding of the pilasters; the massive folds of the deep damask frescoed curtains in the recess of the stage, enclosed in their gilded bands and finished at the top with fretted valance, relieved by gilded tassels; the extensive stretch of lively red-cushioned seats,—all combine to superinduce a kind of magic spell. It is said to be the handsomest Music Hall on the Continent of America.

MADAME STOLTZ.—Those who remember the criticisms of M. Berlioz in former years—those who have heard Madame Stoltz sing during later ones, will read with surprise, that in speaking of the probability of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's "Diane de Solange" being given at the Grand Opéra, the journalist goes out of his way to recommend the lady as the best artist attainable. Such vagaries are of small consequence to those who have some knowledge of the world behind the scenes; but they are to be deprecated for the erroneous impressions produced in those who still put a lingering trust in journalism. When Madame Stoltz last appeared at the Grand Opéra, some three years ago, her voice was so entirely destroyed, that it sank a tone during the final cadence of the couplets of *Fidelio*, in "Le Prophète." This was habitual, and led to the conclusion of her engagement. Why will M. Berlioz oblige us to recall truths so little agreeable?—*London Athenæum*.

WHAT SOME PEOPLE WILL CALL A DIATRIBE.—And so our Season commenced with Verdi. Shall it end with Verdi too? Shall there not be, before the Season closes, something musical higher and nobler than Verdi? Must there be put off upon us Trovatore, and Ernani, and Traviata continually? Verdi is a great Composer—of a poor style of music. The melo-dramatist among composers is he. And though melo-drama is very good in itself, though we like "Black-Eyed Susan" when it is well performed, who shall for a moment think of comparing that drama of nautical life with the "Tempest"? What though "Blue Eyed Susan" makes us shed tears, and the "Tempest" rarely does? Tears are no test of greatness. A certain pungent vegetable is in this regard more potent than genius. Genius shows itself in works that do not merely lodge in the outer gates of the eyes, but take deep hold of our inmost nature, stirring up depths in us, of whose existence, it may be, we were ignorant. Your melo-dramatist storms the outer wall. Your tragedian goes into the secret chamber, and there finds the lord of the manor.

Verdi, though in no opera that we have heard of his, is there wanting something memorable, is too fond of blatant orchestration and musical commonplace, too superficial to satisfy the really musical. Study lessons his charm. The chain he binds us with looks golden, but it does not stand the test. Not so with the music of Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, or Mendelssohn. Diligent study is needed to unfold their beauty, to realize the difference of their genius. And the more we study the more do we wonder. The chain they threw around us "knows no seams," it is gold, gold unalloyed and pure.

We have often said what we now repeat, for the we-know-how-many-the-time, that art, musical, plastic or pictorial, fails to accomplish its end, that does not instruct and edify, as well as amuse and please. And our main complaint against what Dwight's Journal felicitously calls "Trovatore," is, that it fails to instruct. It doesn't make men and women think. Heard, comprehended at once, whistled over a few times, it passes away, leaving the soul unaffected, the intellect unimproved. No person can hear and study Beethoven, or any of the masters we have named, and say that.

The Italian music, as a rule, goes not far below the surface. Yet, there is Italian music incomparably superior to Verdi's. Let us have some of that, Messieurs and Mesdames, who "manage!" Shall Rossini be forgotten? Donizetti and Bellini have written what has never, or seldom, been heard in America. Nay, give us Meyerbeer, and we will be thankful.

We apprehend that one reason we do not have the operas of Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, Gluck, on the stage, and the oratorios, cantatas, &c., of Handel and Haydn off the stage and in the concert-room, is, that many of the "artists" who give us our music are not artists at all, but pretenders. "Such" music "is too wonderful for them." They are not actuated by any desire to educate the public taste and direct it in the proper channel, but by a desire to make money and distinguish themselves. They are not conscientious. That's the difficulty. They palm off on us "easy" operas, transposing even their music, to accommodate their ill-trained voices; and then, by a liberal use of printer's ink, they make the public believe that they have heard the masterpieces of the musical giants of all time "rendered with singular power and fidelity, by the very distinguished artists," &c., &c., ad nauseam. Who that has read programmes and special notices but remember the rest of these stereotyped and fulsome falsehoods?

Another reason is, that such operas don't pay. That's the fault of a public calling itself musical, but not really music loving. Both the "artists" and the public should reform.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, August 25.

## Fine Arts.

### Athenæum Exhibition.

The second Exhibition of the Athenæum Gallery has now been open for some time, attracting many visitors. It is unusually interesting from the large number of new pictures and, from the sort of pictures, it is especially pleasing to the promiscuous crowd of strangers, who, at this season, form the great bulk of the visitors, and who go, not so much as critics of Art, as to pass a pleasant hour, and see one of our city lions. So, on no higher grounds than the claims presented by a most pleasing collection of pictures, of popular subjects, we would earnestly recommend the stranger guests of our city at this season, not to neglect the attractions offered them at the Athenæum Gallery.

Among others, that most attract attention, is the large picture of "Hamlet and Ophelia," by C. SCHUESSLE; also "The Kentucky Home," a most characteristic picture of the domestic life of the Kentucky plantation, which delights all, not only by the life and various character shown in all the multitude of figures introduced, but also by the minute and careful finish of the details and accessories of the scene. An excellent photograph from this picture is for sale at the door, which has doubtless already become familiar to many of our readers in the windows of the print shops.

Several pictures by W. J. STILLMAN deservedly attract much notice, particularly one which attempts to give that finest of all the distant views of Boston, from Wellington Hill. Others show the result of his studies in the picturesque region of the Adirondac, and the Saranac Lakes.

Others of our artists show us the fruit of their summer studies in the mountains of New Hampshire and along our Massachusetts sea-coast. CHAMPNEY, GERRY, GAY, WILLIAMS, and others, offer many beautiful sketches and more elaborately finished pictures drawn from these sources of inspiration.

The readers of Carlyle's *Frederic* will gladly look upon the admirable picture by LEUTZE, which introduces all the personages of the Prussian Court, in a brilliantly lighted gallery, at the moment when the young prince, afterwards the great Frederic, on his return from imprisonment, throws himself at the feet of his Royal Mother. This picture attracts and well repays the attention of all, and is one of the most noticeable of the whole collection, from its size, from the number of figures embraced in it, and from the elaborate perfection of its execution.

There are many exquisite landscapes by W. S. HASELTINE, of German and Italian scenery showing the culture of the Düsseldorf school; while WILD, of a different school, gives glowing pictures of Venetian life not less attractive or excellent.

KENSSETT contributes some fine landscapes, of which we would especially notice "No. 257, The Wadsworth Oak," which the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table ought to own.

W. P. W. DANA has many landscapes of French scenery, and a charming picture "No. 310, Violets, two sous a bunch."

CHAMPNEY's picture of old "Chocorna," the most picturesque and bold of all our New England mountains is worthy of its subject, and numerous landscapes by BIERSTADT are worthy of study and attention.

The portraits are of unusual excellence. WIGHT has several fine pictures beside the portrait of the Hon. Charles Sumner; WALTER BRACKETT contributes several of much merit; ORDWAY has several; and one of the children of Longfellow, is such a picture of youthful beauty as we should expect from the poet painter, T. BUCHANAN READ. Some beautiful crayon heads by CHENEY, ROWSE, JOHNSTON, and others, together with spirited water color pictures by M. G. WHEELLOCK and E. C. CABOT, detain the visitor long in the first room of the Gallery. Indeed, a single visit shows one but little of the varied beauties of the exhibition of this season, and all who truly wish to appreciate and study it should take a ticket for the whole season, which ends in December.

The permanent pictures of the Athenæum are all there as usual, with many belonging to private citizens, many of which are of greater intrinsic worth than those that we have mentioned, it having been our purpose to name such only as are new, and of a popular character, and likely to interest the miscellaneous company that, at this time of the year, visits the gallery.

In the room devoted to sculpture also, are many interesting works, numerous casts from the antique having been added within the past year to the collection.

Many admirable pictures are marked "for sale," and are well worthy the attention of those who wish to adorn their mansion with the most beautiful and lasting of household treasures.

The number of new pictures shows the wisdom of placing the exhibition under the superintendence of an artist, and the arrangements of the exhibition reflect much credit on Mr. ALFRED ORDWAY, who has been selected by the Trustees of the Athenæum to take charge of the Exhibition.

Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* is to be produced at Weimar, under the title of *Le Conte d'Hiver*, adapted by M. Dengelstedt, the Intendant of the Court Theatre, and set to music by FLOTOW. Shakspeare *Martha-rized*! . . . MARIO has undertaken the directorship of the Theatre Royal in Madrid for the approaching season, and has engaged for singers: Mmes. Grisi, Sarcolla, Tritelli and Calderon; Signors Oliva-Pavani, Ronconi, Butti, Rovere, and Bouché.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 3, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Cantata: "Morning," by RIES, Continued.

### German Musical Periodicals.

The following list, for which we are indebted to a friend travelling in Germany, includes all, or nearly all the papers in that country, which are devoted principally to information and discussion about Music. It will be seen that not one of them has a circulation at all comparable to that of either of the musical journals in this country. Most of them contain much less matter, by the superficial measure of pages, than our own or the New York journals; while on the other hand, being intended for and read by musicians and cultivated amateurs more exclusively, some of them, at least, furnish far more matter for thought and for permanent interest, as would be expected in a country so much more profoundly musical. None of these papers (so far as we have seen) furnishes weekly pages of music; they are strictly confined to essays, news and criticism.

1. The most interesting and suggestive on the whole, although it sails under the flag of "Music of the Future," not exclusively to be sure, is the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" (New Journal for Music), published weekly, at Leipzig, originally established by ROBERT SCHUMANN and his friends, now edited by FRANZ BRENDL, author of a History of Music. LISZT writes often noble articles in it, and it is indeed the organ of many of the most thinking, independent and original musical minds in Germany. Its circulation is set down at only 500.

2. The "*Neue Berliner Musikalische Zeitung*" (New Musical Journal of Berlin), takes the place, we suppose, of the old *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, whose fifty volumes represent so well the musical history of just the first half of this century. It is a sheet of eight pages, published weekly. Circulation 700.

3. "*Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*" (Music Journal of the Lower Rhine), published in Cologne; 8 pages, large quarto. Circulation 750.

4. "*Signale für die Musikalische Welt*" (Signal for the Musical World). Leipzig. Small octavo. Circulation 1,000. A very industrious gatherer of all the little items of musical news; — full of "mere mentions," as the *Home Journal* has it — a line or two about everything and everybody; and for that reason exceedingly valuable to those who wish to know what all the subjects are, and who and what is telegraphed; one can look them up more fully if he sees fit.

5. "*Blätter für Musik, Theater und Kunst*" (Leaves for Music, Theatre and Art). Twice a week. Folio. Vienna.

6. "*Echo*." Weekly. Small quarto. Berlin. Circulation 750 copies.

7. "*Euterpe*." Monthly. Octavo. Leipzig.

8. "*Musikalische literarische Monatsschrift*" (Musical literary Monthly). Vienna.

9. "*Monatschrift für Theater und Musik*" (Monthly Transcript of Theatres and Music). Vienna.

10. "*Süd-Deutsche Musik Zeitung*," (Music Journal of Southern Germany). Four pages folio. Mayence. Circulation 500.

11. "*Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung*," (New Music Journal of Vienna). Quarto. Circulation 600.

12. "*Organ für Kirchliche Tonkunst*," (Organ for Church Music). Eight numbers in a year. Quarto. Leipzig.

13. "*Urania: Das unentbehrliche Buch der Orgel, &c.*" (Urania: The indispensable book of the Organ, &c.) Octavo. Erfurt. Circulation 700. (Possibly these two last contain music pages; we have never seen a copy of either of them.)

14. "*Zeitung für Gesangsvereine und Liedertafeln*," (Journal for Part-Song Societies, Maenner-Chöre, &c.) Quarto. Hamburg.

A SUPERB ORGAN. — Messrs. Simmons and Willcox have just completed, and have now standing in their Manufactory in Charles Street, the great Organ which they have been for a long time engaged in building for St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral in Albany, N. Y. Measured by cubic contents of pipes, it is the largest Organ yet built in this country; and it needs the ample space of the Cathedral for the fair appreciation of the magnificent power and volume of the full instrument. It has some fifty speaking stops, all of full range; the great pyramid of sounds being built up upon a sub-bass (of a chromatic octave, or more) of thirty-two feet pipes, which yield most palpable thunder at the pressure of the pedals. The diapasons are remarkably rich and round in quality, and the full organ, with the reeds and trumpets out, peals forth with startling and inspiring grandeur. Very beautiful clarinets, flutes, gambas, violoncellos, &c., enrich its three compartments of Grand, Choir, Swell, and Pedal Organ. The great 16-foot lead pipes are displayed in front, and their proper wind-chests placed immediately beneath them to ensure prompt utterance. The system of pneumatic pressure transfers physical labor from the organist to the bellows blowers. The internal packing of the contents is beautifully simple and effective: In front, in many serried ranks, the pipes of the Great Organ; behind these, separated by a passage way, those of the choir; behind these the Swell, a sliding box of vast dimensions; and in the rear of all (back in the tower of the church) a large portion of the more vociferous Pedal registers, while the thirty-two-footers (reminding one of old Friedrich Wilhelm's regiment of giants) are drawn up in line on one side from the front. The organist's desk fronts outward from the Organ.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB returned last Monday from their musical tour of the White Mountains, having made the beautiful, and now indeed almost "classical" town of North Conway their head quarters for four weeks. During that time they have given concerts at the Alpine House, in Gorham; at the Glen House, at the very foot of Mt. Washington and Mt. Adams; and five concerts in North Conway, four of which were composed principally of classical music. These artistic entertainments found enthusiastic welcome among the hosts of summer visitors to our New England Switzerland, and were really successful in a pecuniary view; so much so that the Club will undoubtedly repeat the visit next year, and such music will be henceforth an expected feature in the summer programme of the Mountains. The Francoria and the Craw-



ford Notches, too, will claim their share of it. In the absence of Mr. SCHUTZE, who was pre-engaged at Newport with several of his brother ex-Germans, the leading violin part was acceptably supplied, we understand, by Mr. COENEN, who made his Boston debut as a solo-player in Mr. Zerrahn's Concerts last winter.

The short preliminary season of Italian Opera, under the joint managership of ULLMAN and STRAKOSCH, and with MARETZKE for leader, opens at the New York Academy on the 7th inst. Mmes. CORTESI and GASSIER will be the first ladies, and BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, GASSIER and JUNCIA, the first gentlemen of the troupe. By their New York advertisement it appears that the same parties will play at the Boston Theatre (or Academy) on the 19th. Cortesi and the Gassiers will be new to us; and of the pieces promised, two, *Sappho* and *Poliuto* (The Martyrs) will be as good as new. Our New York correspondent tells us of another Italian Opera enterprise which threatens formidable rivalry to the Ullman-Strakosch league. Meanwhile the New Orleans *Picayune* commiserates us all here in the East on our hard lot of dependence on the chance speculations, combinations and humors of uncertain managers, while there (in New Orleans) they have two well-appointed Opera establishments *en permanence*.

The "Encore Swindle" came to a trial of strength with common sense and reason, represented in the person of a resisting artist, recently in London; with what result, let the following, from a London paper, show. "A concert given at the Surrey Garden, in London, in aid of the Choral Society, was rendered noticeable by an uproar which is seldom the consequence of a singer making an audience too much pleased with his exertions. Among the vocalists were Madame Anna Bishop, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Sims Reeves, and some eight thousand persons had assembled to enjoy the privilege of hearing such *artistes* in the Music Hall for the moderate sum of one shilling. The great effect given by Mr. Sims Reeves to the "Fra Poco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which was the first piece set down for him on the programme, elicited a burst of vehement applause, afterwards prolonged into a furious demand for an encore, which at last became more noisy than complimentary. In vain did the conductor, Mr. H. Schallehn, try to allay the storm by proceeding with some equally captivating air; in vain did another gentleman come forward and explain that Mr. Sims Reeves having two pieces more to sing, he could not do justice to himself or them by repeating an air requiring such a strain upon his vocal powers. Nothing but a repetition would satisfy the malcontents, and for half an hour they persevered in this disgraceful attempt to extort an extra song from the favorite tenor, until in the course of the second part, Mr. Sims Reeves again made his appearance before them. The tumult now grew faster and more furious than ever, and the hall was split up into two opposing factions, the sensible, who were content to let Mr. Sims Reeves sing the songs which they had paid to hear, and the stupid, who deprived themselves and those around them of that very gratification which they sought. Cat-calls, yells, and insolent and derisive remarks followed unceasingly, until Mr. Sims Reeves coolly took a chair, finding it impossible to obtain silence for his song, and calmly confronted the more noisy of the offenders. This produced the desired effect, and the most conspicuous of the rioters having been expelled, the programme proceeded without further interruption, Mr. Sims Reeves making a noble use of his victory by generously treating his enthusiastic admirers to a voluntary repetition, and throwing 'My Pretty Jane' as a bargain into the 'Bay of Biscay.'

The London *Musical World* copies from our columns the entire Annual Report of the Boston "Handel and Haydn Society," together with our remarks upon "Our Concert Societies." This is all well, and we are glad to see musical efforts on this side of the water, humble as they may be in comparison with Birmingham and Sydenham Festivals, attracting no

tice in the mother country. But why does the *World* call it the report of the "New York Handel and Haydn Society," when everything in it, and in the editorial comments that follow it, has distinct reference to Boston?

The following paragraph has been going the round of the English press:

"Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, the husband of JENNY LIND, has volunteered to conduct the musical services and preside at the organ of the newly-consecrated church of St. John, Putney, for one year, in order that the funds of the church shall not be diminished by the salary of an organist."

The *Musical World* cannot share the exultation with which this act of liberality is hailed, and suggests that, "the laborer being worthy of his hire, the organist should be rewarded, if less magnificently, with just the same punctilio as the parson;" that "gratuitous labor has invariably a demoralizing effect;" and that such liberality is at the best shortsighted, since "what Herr Otto Goldschmidt declines to receive might be the means of providing bread and cheese for some very worthy individual who depends for his livelihood on some occupation of the kind." And: "How much more generous would it be to contribute a sum of money, out of the annual interest of which the services of an organist might be remunerated! In this instance the distinguished foreigner would be entitled at once to the consideration of the church and the gratitude of needy organists. It would be pay without play, instead of play without pay; that is all." . . . It is stated that Madame GOLDSCHMIDT is about to make a concert tour in Ireland, with JOACHIM, in aid of certain ben evolen objects.

Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati was opened, and gratuitously, last week, for the "encouragement of native talent," namely for the concert of Mrs. JAMES which was attended by 800 or 900 persons, the most appreciative and critical in the place, and appears to have been a decided success. The *Gazette* characterizes her voice as possessing unusual richness and power, and adds that "her execution is also fine; that the quality of her voice is sympathetic and warm; and that she shows the cultivated artist in every note. You have no fear for her, but feel that whatever she undertakes she will accomplish. And to her execution and the other elements of success as a vocalist, she adds expression. She sings with feeling, and evident study and appreciation of the sentiment which the music conveys. There was some hesitation and tremulousness in her first pieces. It was natural that there should be on this her first appearance before friends, who hoped so much from her. But she grew assured, and sang better and better as the Concert progressed, till in the last selection (from *Traviata*), she surpassed her previous efforts."

At Wood's Theatre, in the same city, Mme. PARODI, with Signors SBRIGLIA and GNONE, had been performing *Lucrezia Borgia*; to be followed, the next night, by *Trovatore*, with ALAIMO for the Azucena.

PORPORA, the father of vocal art, and Haydn's master, has been represented as a man of wit and repartee. Passing one day through an abbey in Germany, the monks requested him to assist at the office in order to hear their organist, whose talents they greatly extolled. The office finished, "Well, what think you of our organist?" said the prior. "Why," replied Porpora, "he is a clever man." "And likewise," interrupted the prior, "a good and charitable man." "O," as for his charity," replied Porpora, "I perceive that; for his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth."

One of the greatest among female vocalists was Gertrude Schmalzing, afterwards Madame MARA, who attributed her wonderful skill to the almost incessant practice of the scale in long notes. On one occasion when an individual was being recommended to her on account of her great power and agility, she in-

quired, true to the lesson of her experience, "Can she sing six plain notes?"

Strakosch, it is said, has failed to secure the PICCOLINI, who is engaged for the coming winter for Russia, at a high figure. The plump little prima donna has laid in a good stock of fuel wherewith to resist the cold. Strakosch, instead, will bring the tenor, FRASCHATI, and a new prima donna. . . . Let not the curious reader fail to read the card of Professor KEPPLER (not the astronomer) in our advertising columns (said to be the most interesting columns in all newspapers).

The French Minister of State has just officially appointed TAGLIONI to be inspectress of all the dancing classes at the opera, and to perfect such pupils as she may consider likely to become first-rate performers.

. . . The singers, Mme. GUEYMARD and her husband, have re-engaged at the Imperial Opera, in Paris, for the further term of four years at a salary of about \$30,000 for eleven months. . . . A new tenor, who has been educated at the Paris Conservatory at the expense of Mad. JENNY LIND, is said to possess a million in his throat. The name of the fortunate man is SCHONGAARD.

In Paris, a new operetta by OFFENBACH, "The Husband at the Door," has been found charming.

Capellmeister TSCHIRCH is engaged on a new opera—entitled "Master Martin and his Associates." . . . The Tyrolese composer NAGILLER has delivered a new opera to the Theatre Royal at Munich. The performance is looked for.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

A French composer of the second order, five years older than the century—M. Panzeron—has died within the last few days. He had been carefully "grounded" in his art; but the taste and humor and fancy given him by Nature did not get beyond the bounds of the *Romance* and the *Nocturne*, that graceful but limited domain of *Watteau*-music, which is a distinct and specific province of France. His operas did not come to a brilliant end; but his minor vocal compositions should prevent his name from being forgotten. Perhaps that best known in England is "Le Songe de Tartini," that romance founded on the legend of the "Devil's Sonata," for violin and voice, with which Malibran and M. de Beriot used to work wonders many years ago. M. Panzeron, too, was esteemed as a professor of vocal science; and was the author of some useful works on the subject. There are no new romance-writers now in France, save, perhaps, M. Membree.

The Italian journals have, even now, time to mention a new lady, a Signora Virginia Conti, who, they say, is to be a great singer. Madame Pasta is, secondly, said to take a peculiar interest in her training; thirdly, love of Art (in opposition to the wishes of a noble family), not love of money, is described as the *primum mobile* of her entering opera-land. But since Madame Pasta and "love of Art" have more than once been brought in to serve the purpose of ladies anxious to propitiate the public, without either real love of art or nobility, it may be wise to wait, ere hope becomes too eager in the case of Signora Conti.

Foreign journals now state that the production of Herr Wagner's new opera, "Tristan and Isolde," which was to have taken place at Carlsruhe very soon, may possibly be deferred, owing to Continental discomforts.

The theatre at Cologne has gone the way of most theatres; and was burnt to its walls the other evening; having, it is surmised, been struck with fire by lightning. The wife of the manager was burnt to death.—*Athenaeum*.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — We have already given one report of the first performance in England of Meyerbeer's new opera, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*. Here is a part of what the *Athenaeum* says of it:

This opera was executed in the highest Covent Garden style. The extremely long and difficult overture (the opening of which is particularly to our taste from its quaint originality) went so well, and so picturesque was found the effect of the unseen chant of Pilgrimage behind the curtain, that it must needs be repeated. Nothing better could be desired than



the heroine of the evening. That Madame Miolan-Carvalho is one of the most remarkable artists before the public our readers have not to learn. With the exception of Madame Persiani, we have never heard so brilliant a singer so alive to the expressive niceties of accent. She has that charm and feeling, too, which study can work out, but which Nature gives. These it was which made us look out and listen for her, from the moment when a few bars sung in 'Le Pré aux Clercs' characterized her as distinctly as the dropped feather which says, "I belonged to a bird." About such things first and last impressions are one. There is no mistaking real intelligence; none, true expression. With a voice of very small body,—one which, like all acute *soprano* voices, has a tendency to rise in pitch,—it is excellent to hear how this admirable singer contrives to penetrate, to satisfy,—to interpret every bar she undertakes; still giving, as every singer (not slave) should do, some color of her own to what she sings. The size of the stage, the strangeness of the language, the responsibility of a new part, were all against Madame Miolan-Carvalho on Tuesday,—and with them the well-known propensity of certain Italian opera-goers to make light of French singing as "clever" (one of the most damaging epithets of faint praise). For a moment or two the new comer was nervous, but the nervousness passed,—and in a few moments more the lady had got her audience fast by her brilliancy or pathos, the charm of skill and of heart making want of volume of voice forgotten; and herself improving in composure and success till the last bar of her arduous task. Madame Miolan-Carvalho's powers as an actress prove greater than we had expected. Every one knows the old receipts by which love-crazed heroines on the stage recover their senses, when the proper moment for felicity sets in. There is novelty in the intensity and truth of Madame Miolan's treatment of emotions so difficult, because so hackneyed,—impressiveness without grimace, impulsiveness without rant. She must watch her voice,—she must avoid, like the temptations of the Evil One, all excitements to attempt passions beyond her physical strength; but such watching and selection granted, she has a place in the opera-houses of Europe among the first rank of first-class singers, with which no light *soprano*, even let her mount up to the altitudes of *La Bastardella*, can interfere. In short, as another great artist in these scanty days of ours, no welcome can be too warm for her. Her success was complete.

Every good word, and good thought too, are due to Signor Gardoni—whose *Corentino*, the cowardly piper, written to be sung by M. Saint-Foy, who has not a note to sing with, we may frankly say, surprised us. It was lively, easy, perfectly self-forgetting—perfectly on the stage, that is—and this under circumstances through which "the lover," or "the walking gentleman" (as the stage goes), would, in nine cases out of ten, sulk or walk stupidly. The man or woman who can lay by grace, or good looks, or dignity, to personate a character demanding none of the three,—and will not "stand by his order," or talk of "his line," is the artist. Such a man was Lablache. The others are merely good particular notes, or shapely legs, or attractive profiles, as may be. Tried by this strict standard, Signor Gardoni has risen by his excellent and self-respectful appearance in M. Meyerbeer's newest opera.

Not so Signor Graziani, who sang throughout like a disguised Prince,—and who behaved like an 'Il balen' that could not come to the foot-lights and set forth its lovely r. So far as *Hoel* in 'Le Pardon' is concerned, the Italian manager of the opera has still to seek him. To be just, Signor Graziani has learnt his notes, but—the *romance* in the third act excepted—resigned himself to his part with that sort of solemn dolefulness which was so curiously evidenced in the Italian presentment of M. Meyerbeer's 'L'Etoile' by the *vicandières*, who drummed like eclipsed *sultanas*. No one will ever again have the rashness of wishing to see Signor Graziani in a new French opera, however glad they may be to hear 'Il balen' sung by him. In the secondary parts, Mlle. Marai was careful and audible,—Madame Nantier-Didié (as ever) within limits effective. The men of the secondary quartet, Signor Neri-Baraldi and M. Tagliafico, must not be passed over. Of chorus and orchestra, and conductor (what would be the first two without the third to organize and to animate them?) every good thing is to be said. Any one so anxious as M. Meyerbeer is known to be to neglect no chance of a perfect representation of any creation of his, must have felt gladdened and gratified,—not alone by the ovations which honestly fell to his share on the occasion, but by the good will and good labor exhibited by all occupied in bringing forward his newest production. The performance (as a first performance) must be recorded as a remarkable one.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 29. — The air is rife with operatic rumors, some of which can be traced to no real foundation. The FORMES company is a very apocryphal affair, as the tenor Formes has, according to recent news, accepted a situation at Vienna. It is now said that Formes will return here as an artist simply and not as a manager. Yet he has engaged as agent Mr. Thies, a well known man in the musico-financial profession.

Signor SECCHI DI CASALI, editor of *L'Ecod' Italia*, the Italian paper published in this city, proposes with a few artists to get up an opposition opera company. His list includes GAZZANIGA, MISS SCONCIA, ALDINI, STEFANI, SBRIGLIA, MORELLI and ASSONI. The first lady has had a squabble with Ullman, and does not want to enrol under his banner again, while she is equally at swords' points with CORTESI, a singer in the same line of business—to speak theatrically—as herself. Signor Casali may get his opera troupe in working order this fall, or it may not be till next year. MUZIO is to be conductor, and the effort will be made to release Italian opera singers from the monopoly that the Strakosch, Ullman, Maretzek combination, seems to threaten to gain in operatic matters. There is a spice of nationality about this purely Italian effort, that is pleasing to the singers, but whether anything will ever come out of it, is difficult to say.

In the meantime, MARETZKE announces a two week season at the Academy of Music, commencing Sept. 7th, with CORTESI, who will sing in *Norma*, *Polinto* and *Saffo*; and Madame GASSIER, who will sing in *Ernani*, *Rigoletto* and other operas. BRIGNOLI will be the tenor. The regular fall season of two months will open in October. Madame COLSON, who is but moderately popular here, will sing in the "Sicilian Vespers" of Verdi and *La Juive* of Halévy. Little ADELINA PATTI will make her debut most probably in the *Sonnambula*. So in a few weeks I shall have some material for the future letters of

TROVATOR.

ALBANY, N. Y., AUG. 30. — Thinking you might not object to a few "notes by the way" from this most ancient of our cities, I have taken pen in hand to inform you of our "ALBANY SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY," consisting of an effective chorus with soloists, under the direction of F. F. MUELLER, formerly of your city, and of which JAMES A. GRAY, of the firm of Boardman, Gray & Co., piano-forte manufacturers, is President. The society gave a performance of the "Creation" in March last, and have now in rehearsal "The Messiah," to be given during the coming season, and followed by "David," a repetition of "The Creation" and perhaps "Elijah."

The "UNION MUSICAL ASSOCIATION," numbering some 150, under the direction of T. S. LLOYD, gave last spring a performance of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. They have been rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night,"—but for some reason not given it has, I believe, been withdrawn from rehearsal. Our Music Hall—for which we are indebted to the public spirit of our townsman, John Tweedle, is progressing finely, and will, it is expected, be under cover by October. Of this more anon. We have nothing in the way of concerts or public performances. Since the concerts referred to, all travelling artists seem to be patiently awaiting the completion of our Music Hall; but I should except from this rather sweeping assertion the public rehearsals given the first Tuesday in every month by the choir of the Second Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. Müller, organist of the church.

Among the gems of the last rehearsal may be enumerated: the *Inflammatus* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Luther's Prayer; the Prayer from "Moses in Egypt;" Prayer from "Zampa"—"Contemplation," arranged as Soprano Solo, "Flee as a Bird to your Mountain," (alto) "Swell the Anthem," music arranged from Handel, as also instrumental pieces on the organ: "Serenade" from "Don Pasquale," minor improvisations on "God save the King," selections from *Stabat Mater*, *L'Eclair*, &c., &c. HANDEL.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Gentle Nelly Gray. Song and Chorus.

M. W. Balfé. 25

A minstrel song, sad and touching as only minstrel songs can be, written for Christy's Minstrels, (now performing in London) by M. W. Balfé, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl," "Rose of Castille," etc. These facts alone will be deemed high recommendation. For a song of this class it is of superior beauty.

Say farewell and go. Ballad.

Geo. Linley. 25

Words by the authoress of "John Halifax, gentleman." A strain, sad and low, which will touch many a gentle heart.

What might have been. Song. F. Wallerstein. 25

A parlor song, whose chief ornament is the melody, which is a happy inspiration.

#### Instrumental Music.

Lilly Dale. (Air by Thompson.) Rimbauld's. 15

Express Galop. (D'Albert's.) " 15

Fairy Bells. (Air by Glover.) " 15

Little miniature arrangements for the musical nursery, which will delight the child, who has just made her first steps towards the art of piano playing.

Il Balen. (Trovatore.) For Flute and Piano.

R. Pratten. 25

La mia letizia. (Lombardi.) " 25

La donna e mobile. (Rigoletto.) " 25

Ernani involami. (Ernani.) " 25

Recreations for amateurs, which will make dreary evenings pass by quick as lightning.

Weber's Invitation à la Valse; arranged for two pianos and four performers, by Otto Dresd. 1,50

At a concert given at the Boston Music Hall, last winter, for the benefit of Mr. Trenkle, four of our best resident pianists played this piece twice (and might as well have played it twice again, such was the delight of the hearers). Everybody was astonished at such a complete imitation of orchestral effects, at the ingenuity with which the various themes were distributed among the four pair of hands. Southern seminaries, who need a good deal of music, arranged in just this way, should keep this piece in mind, for the time when their exhibitions are about to be thought of.

#### Books.

SAUNDERS' SELF-INSTRUCTING SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN. On an entirely different Method from any work of the kind heretofore offered to the public in this country; intended for Beginners, Amateurs, Business Players, and Teachers. In Three Parts, complete in one volume. By George Saunders. 75

This work contains a large amount of valuable instruction for all grades of violinists, and, while it furnishes the rudiments of a thorough knowledge of violin playing to those just commencing their studies in this branch of music, it also imparts numerous hints and facts of great practical importance to advanced players. The music comprises nearly two hundred popular tunes, thirteen sets of Cotillions, and a good variety of Contra, Spanish, and Fancy Dances, with proper figures appended.

